

THE RAMPART

THIS is the season for the cherry tree story and for other stories concerning the boyhood and the manhood of George Washington. Many quaint and jesting references are made to the cherry tree story by men who have not inquired into its origin as closely as they might have, and there has grown up a disposition to regard it as a fable. Yet it is no doubt a true story. That is, it is no doubt true in its essentials, which are that George Washington, as a little boy, did hack a cherry tree and confessed to his father that he did it.

The words attributed to young George and his father bearing on this incident represent the gist and the spirit of the conversation between them. Many of the details are probably not correct, but the incident is so well established by the records in which it was transmitted to the world. The cherry tree story is plausible and comes down from the days of Washington on excellent authority. It is a matter of common knowledge that when a little boy, who is usually doing some damage to grandma's favorite rose bush or father's or something else. In the case of young George Washington it was a new hatchet and a young fruit tree.

The place at which this incident is related to have occurred was the Washington "ferry farm," or Stafford county farm, opposite Fredericksburg, to which Augustine Washington and his wife, the parents of George, had removed from the Jones creek farm, on the Potomac, where George was born. They had fruit trees on this farm. It would be remarkable if they had not. There are distinct references to apple trees, cherry trees and grapes. These Washingtons were pious, Bible-reading and God-fearing folk. The religious discipline of Washington's youth has been described by all the writers on the life of Washington, but more particularly with reference to his mother, because Augustine Washington died when George was ten years old. There can be no doubt that Augustine was a man of probity and that he was careful to instill strict principles with regard to truth telling and other moral fundamentals in his boy.

The story seems to have been first told in print by the first biographer of Washington, who was a man of irreproachable honor, a minister of the gospel, a staunch personal friend of Washington, related by marriage to the Washington family, who had a most extensive acquaintance among the friends of Washington and began his biography certainly within a few months after Washington's death, and was very probably collecting material

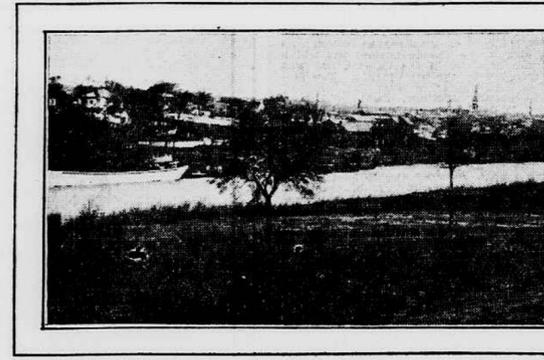
for it while Washington was alive. He tells that he got the story from a lady who was a friend of the Washingtons on the Stafford county farm, and that she had direct knowledge of the incident. The man who published the story to the world in the first biography of George Washington was Rev. Mason Locke Weems, or "Parson Weems," one of the first temperance speakers in the south and one of the earliest of the moral reformers in that section.

In the Library of Congress is a book that George Washington, an excellent printed, well written and apparently very carefully written. On the first page is this:

"The George Washington, with Curious Anecdotes Equally Honorable to Himself and Exemplary to his Young Countrymen."

A life how useful to his country he! How bold, how living, how revered when dead! Like his name, you'll find him yet; and will like his name, you'll find him yet.

Emblished with seven engravings. By M. L. Weems, formerly rector of Mount Vernon parish, one of the first temperance speakers in the south and one of the earliest of the moral reformers in that section. Philadelphia, Printed for Mathew Carey, 1812."



LOOKING ACROSS THE RAPPAHANNOCK FROM WASHINGTON'S BOYHOOD HOME.

On the same page and following all this announcement is the following endorsement, written by Maj. Gen. H. Lee, U. S. A.:

"The author has treated this subject with admirable success in a new way. He turns all the actions of Washington to the encouragement of virtue by a careful application of numerous exemplifications, drawn from the founder of our republic from his earliest life. H. Lee, Maj. Gen. Army, U. S."

On the next leaf D. Caldwell, clerk of the district of Pennsylvania, sets forth: "To wit: Be it remembered, That on the Twentieth day of September, in the Thirtieth year of the Independence of the United States, A. D. 1808, M. L. Weems of said District hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as author, in the words following, to wit: The Life of George Washington with curious anecdotes equally honorable to himself and exemplary to his young countrymen."

The first chapter of the old and searome is taken up with very just laudation of the subject of the book and the second chapter deals with the birth and education of George Washington. Parson Weems tells of the two marriages of Augustine Washington, the father of George, and writes:

"Little George had scarcely attained his fifth year when his father left Popes creek and came up to a plantation which he had in Stafford, opposite Fredericksburg. The house in which he lived is still to be seen. It lifts its low and modest front of faded red over the turbid waters of the Rappahannock, whither to this day numbers of people repair and with emotions unutterable, look at the weather-beaten mansion, exclaim: 'Here's the house where the

great Washington was born.' But it is all a mistake. For he was born, as I said, at Popes creek, in Westmoreland county, near the margin of his own roaring Potomac."

Parson Weems tells the now quite familiar fact that Washington had his first schooling in "an old field school, kept by one of his father's tenants, named Hobby, an honest, poor old man, who acted in the double character of

replied, after a little hesitation, "Yes, pa; I chopped into it a little bit." And the father might have said, "Well, George, as long as you own up to it like a man I won't punish you; but if you chop into any more fruit trees about the place I'll take that hatchet away from you and put you to bed without your supper."

Augustine Washington, as related by Parson Weems, "died of gout in the

stomach"—which might have been appended—when George was ten years old. George was visiting his cousin at Chotank, twenty miles away, and got home a few hours before his father's death. George was visiting his cousin at Chotank, twenty miles away, and got home a few hours before his father's death. George was visiting his cousin at Chotank, twenty miles away, and got home a few hours before his father's death.

Parson Weems makes much of the pains which the elder Washington was at to instill in his son principles of unselfishness and tells an anecdote, giving as his authority for it "an aged lady, then a girl, in 1737." It seems that young George had refused to give one of his father's apples, or a bite out of an apple, and the father reproved him for this selfishness, saying that if he would be generous in the matter of apples, he would ask God to provide an abundance of the fruit. Some time after that the father took the boy into the orchard, while the apples were ripe, and said to his son: "Now look up, my son, and see how richly the blessed God has made good my promise to you, and little George is reported to have

As a runner young Washington was fast and strong, and Parson Weems publishes this narrative, which he informs us was told him by John Fitzhugh of Chotank:

"We had nobody hereabouts that could come near him (Washington). There was young Langhorne, Dade of Westmoreland, a confounded, clean-made, tight young fellow, and a mighty swift runner, too; but then he was no match for George. Langy, indeed, did not like to give it up and would brag that he sometimes brought George to a tie. But I believe he was mistaken, for I have seen them run together many a time and George always beat him easy enough."

A good deal of jest is indulged in about young George Washington having thrown a silver dollar across the river. The story itself is reasonable enough and was told on excellent authority, but it has been distorted. When the story was first told it did not have a silver dollar in it. It was stones that young George threw across the river. How a silver dollar got into the story the Rambler does not know.

There are a great many people who have seen the Potomac river at Wakefield, where it is about four miles wide, and have heard the throwing story, have seen it there in its original and probable form. It was never told that Washington threw a stone across the Potomac river, but across the Rappahannock river at Fredericksburg.

The Rambler does not know just how wide the Rappahannock is there, though he has stood on the shore of the Washington farm many times. It

is now quite a narrow stream, and because of some river improvements made by the government, the river line of the Washington farm, it is narrower than it was when the boy chop into any more fruit trees about the place I'll take that hatchet away from you and put you to bed without your supper."

Augustine Washington, as related by Parson Weems, "died of gout in the stomach"—which might have been appended—when George was ten years old. George was visiting his cousin at Chotank, twenty miles away, and got home a few hours before his father's death.

Parson Weems was not a fictionist, but a very sincere man, his because of religious convictions and practices, which today would pass without notice, or if they attracted any notice would be called "broad" or "liberal," he was considered somewhat eccentric by the strict constructionists of his church, but he was a man of great energy and courage in which were many influential members addicted to the sports and practices named. He wrote a great many tracts and books on moral uplift subjects. He traveled up and down the country selling his and other books. He openly denounced slavery and liberated his paternal slaves. He would preach in the churches and meeting houses of other denominations than his own. He preached and sold Bibles through Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia. If he found a sinner too poor to pay for a Bible, he would give him one. He had a good deal of property, but he became impoverished. Weems' tolerance for other religions got him into much trouble. Bishop Claggett wrote of him: "I have a regard for Weems, his zeal and his attention to the duties of his sacred office merit esteem; but in proportion as this zeal and diligence are applied to the Methodist interest it weakens it. It would seem from this that in his travels Parson Weems preached in Methodist churches."

There are two more of the parson's books which you may see in the library. One of them is "God's Revenge Against Murder, or the Drowned Wife," and the other is "God's Revenge Against Duelling."

Parson Weems wrote a great deal in favor of temperance, or abstinence, which was in his time not a popular subject, and Col. Robert Tansill, who married a great-granddaughter of Weems, claims the latter was the father of the temperance movement in America.

The Washington farm on the Rappahannock is now much reduced in size, but that which is still called the Washington farm contains about 150 acres, surrounding the site of the old Washington house, on the foundation of which has been built a dwelling which dates from some time just after the close of the civil war. Much of the campaign of Burnside against Fredericksburg, in the winter of 1862, was carried out on this Washington farm. The northern army was camped on this land and artillery posted on it, fired into Fredericksburg and the heights that rise behind the town.

It has not been possible to trace the title to these Washington lands, because the records of Stafford county, which were at Stafford Court House, about ten miles from Washington

My Dear Sister: Col. Hall's letter gave me the first account of my mother's death. Since that I have received Mrs. Carter's letter, written on your request, and previous to both I was prepared for the event by advice of her letter, coming from your son Robert.

Awful and affecting as the death of a parent is, there is consolation in knowing that heaven has spared ours to an age with few attain and to be remembered with the full enjoyment of mental faculties and as much bodily strength as usually falls to our share. Under these circumstances, and in the hope that she is translated to a happier place, it is the duty of her relatives to hold solemnly to the death of the bright When I was last in Fredericksburg I took that leave of my mother, never expecting to see her more.

Your affectionate brother,
GEORGE WASHINGTON.



HOUSE ON FOUNDATION OF WASHINGTON'S HOME.



LOOKING ACROSS THE RAPPAHANNOCK FROM WASHINGTON'S BOYHOOD HOME.



ONE OF THE WASHINGTON BUILDINGS STANDING ON FERRY FARM.

MISS NANNIE R. HETH HAS RARE COLLECTION OF WASHINGTON RELICS

President of Southern Relief Society Prizes a Number of Articles Used by George and Martha Washington—Jewelry and Trinkets, Gowns and Embroidery—How They Came into Her Possession—Authenticity of the Relics Is Beyond Question—The "Camp Tumbler" of Gen. Washington and the Martha Washington Earrings—Many Pieces of Mahogany in the Unusual Collection.

A COLLECTION of Washington relics whose authenticity is beyond question is in the possession of Miss Nannie R. Heth, president of the Southern Relief Society. Miss Heth not only has a collection of unusual interest and value, but the story of how it came into her possession is also interesting.

This collection comprises many of the personal belongings of George and Martha Washington, articles of wear, examples of Mrs. Washington's needlework, jewelry and several cups belonging to the general. As for the way it has come down through the generations to Miss Heth is best told by herself.

"These things," said she, "have come to me in a manner which leaves not the shadow of a doubt as to their authenticity. And from the loving way in which Miss Heth handles the bits of jewelry and fabrics it is only too apparent that their age and association have made them wonderfully dear to her."

"From Mrs. Washington these relics went to John Parke Custis, her oldest son. He married, you will recall, Eleanor Calvert, the daughter of the place at the old Calvert manor, which still stands and is one of the most historic places hereabouts. They had four children. The eldest was a girl, Eliza Parke Custis, who married a Mr. Law. They had but a single child, little Eliza Law, who married Nicholas Rogers of Baltimore. They had two children, a son and a daughter. The girl, Eleanor Agnes, married George R. Goldsborough of the eastern shore of Maryland. With the maturity of each succeeding generation, the Washington heirlooms were handed down as a sacred heritage."

"I received the collection from Mrs. Goldsborough herself. Mrs. Goldsborough had one daughter, who would have been just about my age, but who died when she was very young. As a result of her death, the collection came after the death of her baby girl she grew to love me more and more. She never had any other child, and so it was to me that the collection came. Many of the pieces of jewelry she gave me before her death, telling me their history, writing down dates and important facts. The remainder came to me upon her death."

In the collection is to be found a pair of delicately wrought earrings with brooch to match, a pair of shoe buckles and a shirt studs. Similar articles bring to mind Gen. Washington, stately and courteous, with diminutive Mrs. Washington on his arm, gracious and smiling. The collection suggests Mount Vernon at its height, a gay throng assembled, the sound of voices and laughter ringing above the tinkle of the ice in the punch bowl.

One of the most valuable pieces in the collection is a "camp tumbler." In appearance this is much like any ordinary tumbler, but it is of silver. On one side is engraved: "One of the Camp Tumblers of Gen. Washington taken from his arm, gracious and smiling. The gift of Mrs. Washington to her granddaughter, Eliza Parke Custis, after the Father of his family and his country was at home." Beneath the inscription on one side are the initials "G. W.," on the other the Washington coat of arms.

Each year at the Southern Relief Hall Miss Heth wears a pair of Martha Washington's earrings. So popular has the Washington jewelry become, in fact, that Miss Heth's intimate friends will ask her to wear certain sets at the various functions she attends.

From the standpoint of their intrinsic value, the set of earrings of great importance in the collection are diamond pendants. These have a cluster of diamonds at the lobe of the ear, from which is suspended a diamond-shaped



MISS NANNIE R. HETH, WEARING A GOWN WHICH WAS WORN BY MARTHA WASHINGTON.

lock of her hair. The other piece is a box of lapis lazuli. This is interesting not only because it is an unusually fine specimen of lapis, but on account of its shape. It is oblong and tapering off at the end.

Many articles of clothing are in the collection. There is a dress which

even in view of the present styles, its sole trimming being the berth, which gold and silver threads, when the going over this collection one would say that green was a favorite color with which it appears in any criterion. There is a green kerchief, delicate of shape and workmanship, as well as a texture, there is a green and white valuing tone of which is green. And among the wedding trousseau is a gown of green and white, with a pair of mitts, a nightcap, a tiny apron, a petticoat of sufficient circumference to make, though he has stood on the shore of the Washington farm many times. It

Unidentified Trophy Cannon. WAX FASHION MODELS FOR THE EXPOSITION

A PLEASANT fiction, generally credited in Washington and enforced on many strangers in the capital, is that the four bronze cannon at the corners of the pedestal of the Jackson statue in Lafayette Square are English guns captured at the battle of New Orleans. It may be so, but the presumption is overwhelmingly against it. It would seem a curious thing in this age, when the War Department expends so much energy and clerical pen-power in tagging, recording and keeping track of government property under its charge, that there exists no record as to how these guns, or at least how three of them, came into possession of the government.

No trace of the origin of those guns has been found in the records of the War Department or in the archives of the office of public buildings and grounds, though also in the files of Col. Spencer Cosby, then, and until quite recently, the officer in charge of public buildings and grounds. It has been made a search of those records. A result of the investigation was that an inscription was prepared for the gun at the southwest angle of the pedestal which sets forth that it was surrendered to Gen. Jackson with the fortress of San Carlos de Barr, Pensacola, May 28, 1818. The inscription on this gun gives credit to a number of military officers for the part they took in the capture of the fort, and these names are mentioned: James Gadsden and Richard K. Call, aid to Col. George Gibson; Maj. George P. Peters, Capt. Young, and Lieuts. Sands, Scallon, Spencer and Smith of the artillery, and Capt. McKeever of the navy.

There is a presumption that the other guns at the statue may be trophies captured with Fort San Carlos de Barr, but it is merely a presumption.

They cannot wear anything ready-made. They must be fitted, like most of the most precious multi-rich lady. A special artist paints their complexions.

"Out of eight recently ordered," says madame, "two will be blushing furiously, five will be things, you know, at an exposition."

Another artist puts the eyes in, real glass eyes, such as the eyes wear when they need them, the glance limpid, cannot, affecting.

Yet another sets their hair, brows and lashes.

"Equisite work," says madame. "The tresses must be real, growing out of the head, luxuriant, natural. To protect them through the process of their plait them in one great braid down this back."

And the smile!

The smile of half-parted lips, showing the teeth, comes extra.

"Just a trifle from the dental factory," says madame. "There are smiles that cost \$18—and worth it!"

STERLING HEILIG.

To Make Brocaded Velvet.

USE plain velvet or velveteen. Select a heavy, open pattern of lace with a decided design. Write it out in water, place it over the velvet right side down, put a dry cloth over all and press dry with a hot iron. When you lift the cloth you will find the design on the velvet. The only way to take it out again is to steam the velvet.